

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER—DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, MORALITY, SCIENCE, NEWS, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

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Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

HAMPDEN.

For your convenience; but I suspect we can get along without the assistance of his wisdom.

"That's not practical, Pym," said Hampden, as the clock struck the hour of meeting; "albeit they are all of business."

"I always keep engagements when I can," said Pym.

"That thou dost," replied Hampden.

"So the learned Judge has decided, and John Hampden hath lost his cause," said Pym; and a sarcastic smile rested on his stern lip for a moment.

"True," said Hampden.

"And these right worthy Judges have done much to strengthen our arms by their decision," continued Pym.

"We will shut out all intrusion," said Hampden, and he drew in the bolt of the door. "Let us confer coolly," and more cautiously.

"Yes," said Lord Say; "little is gained by heat and precipitation."

And they drew around the table, and documents were perused; and a course of proceedings suggested; and the exhortation was, to be wary and persevering; to have ever an eye to the great object, and to be knit together in the bands of brotherhood. And they conversed in a low tone; and their voices sunk into a deep and solemn whisper, as names were written down; and among them were the names of Finch, of Stratford, and Land—and the brows of Pym were drawn over his sharp grey eyes, and his lip curled with bitter contempt, as he pronounced the name of Stratford with indignant emphasis, and called him the double traitor to his country and his party. And there was silence for a time; and serious thought was on the countenance of all; and on Hampden's there was a shade of sadness; and he drew his hand over his eyes, and it was evident that his feelings were much agitated, and that he was striving to suppress all appearance of it. But in the countenance of Pym could be read nothing but fixed resolve; and he turned a cold glance upon Hampden, and raised his brows in slight surprise; and he led Hampden from the table, and put his arm in his, and they walked up and down the room in earnest discourse; and the penetrating eyes of Pym were fastened on Hampden's face, as he urged the necessity of the measures he proposed; and his pale cheek glowed from the excitement under which he now spoke; and Hampden seemed convinced; and they returned to the table; and the hand of each was grasped, and the faith of each was pledged; the farewell was given, and the guests rose and departed. And when the door closed upon them, Hampden sunk down into a chair in gloomy reverie. He started as the old clock struck the hour of three—hastily grasped the light, fastened the door and windows of the apartment, and retired to an adjoining bedchamber. [To be concluded.]

Wrote for the S. E. Post.

MOSES IN THE BULL RUSHES.

The moon was fair, and too lovely to view. To the just mark of the great swelling sea, Still Pharaoh's hostings thought not to reform, But back on the Hebrews his terrific storm.

New vengeance and malice swept his breast, And was his face, now his colour at rest; For the Hebrew view'd with a frowning eye, Yet the Hebrew bore all, on God did rely.

To make more scarce than his tyrannic reign, He bade his young children of Israel be slain; But the God of truth, will the righteous defend, In blood and in war, he their avenging friend.

By the edict of Pharaoh the mother complain'd, From her couch she rising, her babe in her hand; And her heart was oppress'd by the saddening doom, That consign'd her sweet babe to the desolate tomb.

The mother of Moses was still in her room, And her heart beat quick, and piercing her gloom; And the source of her grief was the loss of her child, And the thought of the past made her frantic and wild.

Yea, slow was her step, yet more solemn her mien, For grief brooded over this sorrowful scene; And she, who had been so brave and so true, Of prospects the relic, so gloomy and dark.

In her she pray'd to the Father of peace, From her couch she rising, her babe in her hand; And the God of truth, will the righteous defend, In blood and in war, he their avenging friend.

But the child thus lowly reclin'd on the deep, Was destin'd the glories of Jacob to keep; When midnight advanced her rose in his night, His action enfranchis'd, wrapt Egypt in flight.

New Brunswick. ALONZO.

CAPTAIN ROSS.

During the first American war, Captain Ross, of the British army, made engagements with a young lady in England, which her parents refused to ratify. Honor and duty compelled him to go to America, and the object of his affections refused to follow him. She departed in men's clothes, and just arrived at the scene of war, time elapsed, and she learned that a sanguinary skirmish had taken place between the savages and the detachment commanded by the object of her attachment.

To the field of battle, found it strewn with dead bodies, in the midst of which she perceived the form of Captain Ross! She instantly caught him in her arms, and thought she felt his heart beat. She discovered he was wounded, and endeavored to staunch the wound, which was yet bleeding, and for some time she applied her lips to it and sucked it. This remedy well known, but seldom resorted to, immediately restored him to life. In the meantime she feared his emotion to her lover, which might be attended with certain danger. She, therefore, disguised her complexion and her features, as she had already disguised her sex, and with unobtrusive care nursed and attended him for forty days, at the end of which, perfectly assured of his restoration to health, she made herself known to him who, during his long indisposition, had never ceased to speak of her, and expressed the regret he felt, that she had quitted this world, he should not have the satisfaction of being united to her so fondly loved. It is not easy to describe the joy of the lovers in a meeting so unexpected. They departed together for Philadelphia, where they ratified their vows of eternal affection at the altar.

But scarcely had they tasted the cup of felicity, when a languor, that no medical art could heal, attacked the system and threatened the existence of Mrs. Ross. It was soon ascertained that her husband had been wounded with a poisoned arrow, and that sucking the wound had imbued the venom, which by degrees had changed the whole mass of blood into an impoisoned state. Captain Ross could not survive this last cruel stroke; he died the victim of despair, at seeing the frustration of his hopes, destroying in her who had perished in restoring him to life. He expired at Johnstown, in the spring of 1778. Mrs. Ross supported herself after the loss of her husband, by the certain hope of soon following him. But she had again fortitude to cross the Atlantic, and to implore pardon of her parents, with whom she languished a short time, and died at Hammersmith in the month of July, aged 25 years. A monument is erected to her memory in Hammersmith church, recording this memorable event.—American Anecdotes.

Wrote for the S. E. Post.

THE REQUEST OF THE DEAD.

Pulvinara; or, Calos of the Willow.

Beneath these trees on many a sapphire throne, The great who had departed from mankind; A mighty scene!"

A few evenings past I was relieving the weariness, and endeavoring to relax my poor faculties from the mental exertion occasioned by reading accounts of recent political events, by laughing at Mark Bancroft and his fairy tales. The tales operated as a most effectual soporific; I was in a few moments in profound slumber on the sofa. But the tales had left some impression, and I was soon myself in the empire of dreams.

The scenes around me were not as those presented to Mrs. M. The heavens lowered, the winds swept in hollow howls through trees whose leafless branches twisted in wild meanings. Snow and rain descended on the hills and vales. Human habitations were seen, but far distant along the desolate waste. I seemed on an island of a river, whose cold and turbid waves dashed in foam over black and broken rocks, forbidding all escape from the unlighted side of sadness.

Shivering and despairing, my eye swept the hopeless landscape;—a being approached; his eye was sunken and deathlike; his form was that of a man, but his pale face, the only mark of life, was the motion of his lip, and the sound of his voice when pronouncing the following dreadful words: "Spirit, thou art now in the vale of death." His lips closed, as he seized me in his ice-cold arms; wings of immense dimensions expanded, and with a swift bound beyond all human thought, I was borne far beyond the orb which whirled round our sun. I was carried through regions of utter darkness, but light at length beamed stronger and stronger—I was approaching the star Sirius. It appeared a sun of immeasurable magnitude, but its light soft and thrilling. I was conveyed to its surface, and stood a wondering stranger amongst forms like my own.

My gloomy conductor was gone, but a spirit advanced. He was arch of eye and lip, and who—I soon found was the fairy Roget. "Ah, my good friend," said he, "you have escaped from the world and your consciousness at last; what think you of the world you have reached?"

"It is really paradise," I replied; "and I am doubtfully demanding if I was for ever to enjoy what appeared around me."

Roget, with one of his most malicious grimaces, replied, "that is doubtful; but every spirit on its first arrival has a respite before being brought to answer for his earthly actions—come with me."

The scene now changed, and I was seated on an emerald chair between columns of richest jasper. The floor was inlaid with every dashing gem, and the ceiling shone in burnished gold, and out of every opening of adamant. My feet were not, however, left to wander on the dead wonders of metals and stones; my attention was drawn to the living throng, who were seated like myself, or wandering over the vast halls and saloons which seemed to open on all sides. My thoughts were raised to sublimity, and for a moment I forgot that my own fate was not yet sealed, when Roget touched my right arm with his wand, observing, "Spirit, this is the palace of Memory, where the trials of your own life will vanish before the recollections of time. Behold those two figures."

At that moment my eye caught two shades approaching each other. One with form and head erect, his fine arched forehead rising above brows at once projecting and inflexible; his lips eloquent in silence, seemed ready to pour forth the accents of benevolence and truth, which beamed from his eyes of light and heat. To the expression of face, was added a form rising in doric majesty. The countenance and figure of the other was still more striking, though less commanding in form. His keen but retiring eye seemed to be in wait for examination; a cold indifference concealed a real disdain of others. His whole physiognomy bespoke talent of an exalted order; but from his pale and compressed mouth, no warm sentiment appeared ready to burst forth to greet his kind! In his every gesture, as his steady glance swept slowly over the vast and now silent assembly, there was that isolation of feeling which keeps the possessor alone amongst millions.

It was not necessary to say to a single spectator, "that is what was Alexander of Russia, and he before him, the shade of his once mighty opponent Napoleon." These names were ejaculated, and again a painful silence reigned through the labyrinthine palace.

"Whose roof of succession carved, did keep A glimmering o'er the flames on every side,"

"Like life and thought; immortal, deep decay."

It was now when their eyes caught that of each other, that attention became indeed profound. The once dictators to two hundred millions of their species, stood in the awful presence of each other, with the judgment of history and testimony of time sounding in their hearts. The events of half a century memory recalled. The fields of Austerlitz, Marengo, Polutsk, Golymin, Eylau, Friedland, the crowded banks of the Oka, the Niemen, the Elbe, the Rhine, and the Seine, the theatre of so many bitter recollections; Smolensk, Moscow, Leipzig, Paris, and Waterloo, passed in rapid retrospect; the obscure life of the obscure temperd host, and the humble Targanov, wherefrom their once agitated spirits escaped from life and fortune, were painted to their mind's eye.

A scroll sat on each brow as their glances met; their earthly feelings once more revived; but the face of Alexander softened to a smile, as he observed, "Napoleon, the clouds of life have passed away."

The proud spirit of Napoleon rose at the voice, his bosom seemed to swell, but a moment and he was the same distant, sad, and self-occupied being, who erst strode through the saloons of Paris, and Berlin, but after a pause, his searching eye fixing on Alexander, he replied, "Alexander, the clouds of life are passed, but the records of time have not passed"—and after remaining again silent for some moments, in a most penetrating tone resumed,

"Fame hath brought to the palace of Memory the latest reports of perturbed Europe—" and the ruin of our systems," interrupted Alexander.

"Systems!" bitterly retorted Napoleon; "our want of system—our egotism. Smile not, Alexander, we are now in the palace of memory; we can now speak of ourselves, of our acts, as of the most distant history; and what is the voice of history in regard to us both? We have disturbed the earth, and behold the mede we have gained!"

Here Napoleon unfolded a scroll which before appeared a sceptre-staff, and read, casting in the pauses of the sentences severe glances on his awe-struck hearer:

"One-tenth part of a century is almost past since the death of Napoleon, and the elements are scarcely yet collected to form a solid and philosophical appreciation of his character; this prodigious man has given so many and opposite

impulses to the affairs of his age, that as regards either the good or evil, we are yet unable to estimate the combinations. Alexander has based to the regions of memory only half the time, and we may already boldly pronounce on the worth of his political system, which fell in ruins round his tomb. Napoleon was himself the cause of the immense motion he communicated to human action. Alexander's political life was that of reaction. The one shook the world by the force of his will, and the other opposed that force by the advantages of his physical position. Napoleon for a long period suggested fortune and commanded admiration; whilst his adversary following the reflex of fatality, and influenced by generous intentions, has obtained simply esteem. In fine, the soul of Napoleon was in all its energy, the image of an abyss, where the good and bad principle exercised in turns all their inspirations, under the constant predominance of a vast and excited thought;—whilst the character of Alexander has only presented brilliant surfaces, of a soft light it is true, but where meekness shines more than strength, and over which have successively glided, borrowed ideas, from systems and fatalism, and influenced by generous intentions, necessary consequences on themselves. The rivalry of two such potentates could not be that of intellect opposed to intellect; and with all that Alexander could personally introduce into the struggle, the contest was much more between the two empires and two people than between their masters."

A triumphant frown now marked the brow of Napoleon; and the remains of human passions were answered by the features of Alexander, on which struggled the magnitude of his nature, with the false maxims of court education, which engendered the holy alliance. Napoleon, as he rolled back his scroll, reassumed that dark, silent and sombre cast of countenance which in life was the prelude to mighty designs, and Alexander was assaying to speak, when appeared between them, the athletic form of a wounded warrior, whose soft but severe scrutiny the once terrible Napoleon. Both knew him and bowed their recognition, for it was Kosciuszko, with a visage on which sat the calmness of rectitude came these words:

"Reproach not each other, Alexander and Napoleon, of what either has done, and as I never bowed to, or served either of your fortunes on earth, I shall not now awaken the echoes of selfish meekness," in the halls of memory, but I cannot but reproach you for what you have not done."

Napoleon, then, was the child of freedom, he bore and nurtured these, he watched thy infancy and boyhood, and proudly her maternal followed these when on the fields of Italy the eagles of slavery covered beneath the feet of thy war horse. How did her bosom heave when she heard thee read on the field of victory, the appeal of an expiring nation."

"Fifteen millions of Poles," cried the genius of Poland in the person of Count Oginski, "formerly independent, now victims to the force of circumstances, have fixed their eyes upon thee. Willingly would they pierce the barrier between you and them, and purchase some brighter future with new laurels, and to add to it the other titles you have acquired, that of 'The Father of the Oppressed.'"

How this appeal answered the voice of memory will forever repeat. Your fostering parent was soon driven from your presence—your future earthly career was deceitful, brilliant, and empty of all the mighty purposes for which you were cast and born on the bosom of a people whose cause you betrayed."

Alexander, suffering millions called upon thee also, thou hadst it in thy power to seize the proudest title earth can give. Thou mightest have been truly 'The Father of the Oppressed.' But what was thy choice? thou becamest the head of the oppressors."

Here Kosciuszko pointing his finger, with an uplifted arm and an elevated voice, exclaimed, "There is the man! every eye was turned upon an aged and placid head which was leaning against a column. It was La Harpe, the precursor of the French Revolution, and he exclaimed, 'Kosciuszko, there is the man who poured the lessons of true glory into the monarch's cradle. There is the man who would have taught the kings of the earth, that the voice of reason is the voice of truth and safety; but the kings have left to other times and other hands to open the gates of freedom to mankind. Yes! Alexander and Napoleon, have chosen the plaudits of fame, and left her homage to exalt another name. He comes, he comes.'"

"At first a faint light in the power to remove his own caste. Thou who hast wielded the sword of justice on two hemispheres. Thou whose name no nation can claim as her own. Thou warrior philosopher, before whose ardent gaze, crowns, sceptres, and mitres have melted and become dross. Thou, who whilst the world, that was honored by and will forever boast thy birth and life, revolved seventy times round the fountain of its light, and whilst the Alexanders and Napoleons were disputing for airy nothings, wert calmly teaching admiring nations, that virtue, patriotism, and humanity were realities;—were THINGS, above all price."

My eye now met an advancing face—but the acclaim which greeted his entrance, shook the mighty orb on which I seemed to stand; and I awoke, with the reverberations still ringing in my ear, the name of La Fayette."

It was a dream from which I was unwillingly awakened. The voice of history was silent, for she had fallen on the carpet in the form of Robespierre, and had taken her turn to repose."

W. M. D.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

TO W. N.

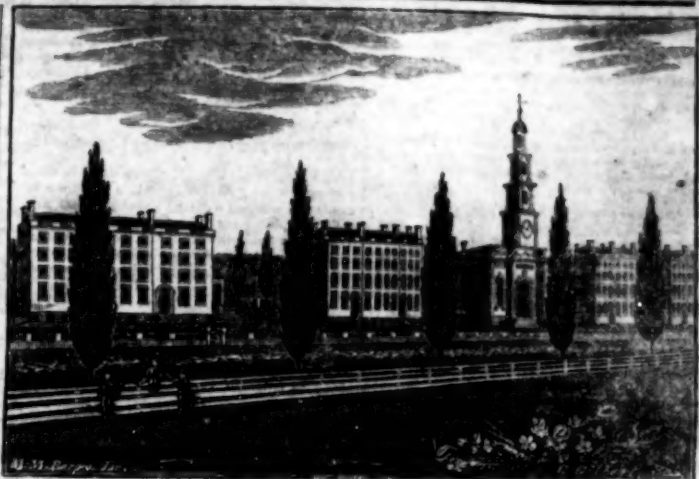
They tell me friendship's but a name, It cannot be with thee— Nor does it follow wealth or fame— Which thou hast proved to me!

How many proffer friendship deep, Which shows the falsest love! But a common-sense with thee! Which shows 'twas 'wines' control!

And there are those I know full well, Stretch forth their hands a welcome tell, Whilst in their hearts they're gulf.

Not with thee—thy friendship's dear, And clad as 'dew' at morn; It charms the soul with words sincere, And leaves no rankling thorn.

Augustine.



HAMILTON COLLEGE.

Hamilton College, so called in honour of the illustrious Alexander Hamilton, was first chartered, by the Legislature of the State of New York, in June, 1812, and went into operation the succeeding fall. The sum of fifty thousand dollars was raised by individual subscription for the benefit of the institution, and the additional sum of fifty thousand dollars was soon after appropriated by the Legislature. That body some time afterwards made a further donation of forty thousand dollars for the same object, and this is about all the aid that has been received from the State.

The institution was organized under flattering circumstances, with an efficient and highly respectable Board of Trustees, and an able and learned Faculty. The late celebrated Doctor Boeckus was the first President; and the other members of the first Faculty were Josiah Noyes, M. D., a skilful and learned chemist, at present attached to the college, Professor of Chemistry and Mineralogy; Theodore Strong, A. M., one of the most distinguished mathematicians of the day, Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy; the late Rev. Seth Norton, A. M., Professor of Languages; and two Tutors. The College commenced with but about twenty-five students; but the number was soon increased to seventy-five, and subsequently rose, in 1824, to one hundred and fifteen, which, we believe, was the greatest number it ever had at any one time. From that period till within about a year, owing to peculiar circumstances, the prospects of the institution suffered a severe depression, from which it is now just beginning to recover. It would exceed the limits prescribed to this brief notice to inquire into the causes of this depression, even if they were capable of an easy and satisfactory explanation; but we must content ourselves by saying that they seem now to be entirely removed, and that the prosperity of the College appears to be established on a firm foundation. The present Faculty consist of the Rev. Henry Davis, D. D., who some months after the decease of the lamented Dr. Boeckus, in 1817, succeeded to the Presidency; Dr. Noyes, Professor of Chemistry and Mineralogy; John H. Lathrop, A. M., Professor of Languages; the Rev. Simon North, A. M., Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy; the Rev. Mr. Smith, A. M., Professor of Belles Lettres; and Mr. E. B. Malbie, A. M. Tutor. They are all

profound scholars in their several departments, able and efficient officers, and in every way well calculated to give dignity and reputation to any collegiate institution. Professors of Law and of Medicine are shortly to be established, when this is accomplished, the institution will possess advantages scarcely excelled by any in the United States.

The engraving presents an accurate view of the college edifice, which are considered the most beautiful and commodious of the kind in the United States. They are delightfully situated in Clinton, Oneida county, near Utica, upon the brow of an elevated hill, overlooking the rich valleys of the Onondaga, the Susquehanna, and the Mohawk, and commanding a prospect of a fertile and well cultivated country for many miles around, variegated with hill and dale, woodland and lawn, and interspersed with flourishing villages. Indeed the scenery, in point of quiet beauty and the soft harmony of nature's blending forms, is almost unrivalled. The second building in the range, as represented in the engraving, is not yet erected; but the symmetry of the plan is tolerably preserved by its proposed location being occupied by a large wooden building, formerly called the Oneida Academy. This is shortly to give place to an edifice of stone, like the rest; and when the plan is completed, the College can easily accommodate 300 students, in a more than usually comfortable and convenient manner. The chapel, embracing in its limits a spacious room for public worship, and also large lecture and recitation rooms, a laboratory and Societies' Hall, is generally acknowledged to be a very beautiful structure. The college library contains about 4000 well selected volumes, and the library of the two Societies of Students about 2500 volumes more. The philosophical and chemical apparatus is extensive and valuable, and the collection of geological and mineralogical specimens is also considerable.

This College is situated in the centre of the State, in the midst of a country distinguished for fertility of soil, occupied by a wholesome and intelligent population, and growing rapidly in wealth, resources, and moral and physical advantages; and there can be but little doubt that, under the auspices of an able Faculty and Board of Trustees, this favored seminary is destined to take the foremost rank among the literary institutions of the country.

Written for the S. E. Post.

WOMAN'S HEART.

They tell me her heart's a mysterious thing, Full of passions the strongest, and hopes that will cling To a whisper, a promise, a breath, or a song. If to me it seems lovely, they should not be long.

They tell me—oh! pause! I have proved 'tis but fool— There are hearts, ere 't is tested—beats more true! That they love but once only, and then with a frowning Too true, too impassioned, for words or revealing.

Aye, eyes have written, and poets have sung (On her love as marvellous, deep, doubtfully strong) But believe me, fair reader, (for truth may seem strange) Woman's heart, above all things, is subject to change.

They may tell me of eyes most bewitchingly blue, The coquettish tender, and fond to undo; Of a cheek in whose blush dwells a volume of words, And a voice like the spring-breathing music of birds.

They may tell me, but I—oh! have felt, and I can prize The language too well of a lovely one's eyes! But, what what are eyes; what lips; what a smile; what a voice? They are never such fondness, can they not express a secret?

And those lips which on prettily pose, they may prove, To have poured from passion's passion more true! And that voice in whose cadence such music is heard, Half its voice slumbers until she's offended!

They may tell me of Hero, (the story's still told,) For whose love Leander the Hellespont braved. She died, canst thou prate—yet I love him—hush! She loved not Leander, she was shipwrecked!

And then there's Cleopatra, famous in story. Do you think she loved Antioch?—No! 'twas his glory! Rank, wealth, grace, pretensions, all women adore, And he who has most, with them prospers the more!

Such, such are all women—false, fickle, and prone, What they do on this oft-told, the next to discover! Cleopatra, yet I love, canst thou deny? All things, at all moments, yet nothing sincere!

RENEE.

BLUNDERING UPON WEALTH.

Lord Timothy Dexter, of Massachusetts, "more famed for his money than his wit," very anxiously inquired of some merchants, whom he knew, how he should dispose of a few hundred dollars. Willing to hoax him, they answered, "Why, buy a cargo of warming-pans, and send them to the West Indies, to be sure." Not suspecting the trick, he bought all the warming-pans he could find, and sent them to a climate, where there was every reason to suppose, that ice would be far more acceptable. But Providence sometimes shows his contempt of wealth, by giving it to fools. The warming-pans met with a cold reception. The ship carpenters, and the lower part for dippers, in the manufacture of molasses. With the proceeds of this profitable cargo, he built a vessel; and being informed by the carpenter, that water were wanted, he called on an acquaintance, and said, "My head workman sends me word, that he wants water for the vessel. What does he mean?" "Why, whole bones, to be sure," answered the man; who, like every body else, was willing to impose on his stupidity. Whole bones were accordingly bought; but finding that Boston could not furnish enough, he emptied New York and Philadelphia. The ship carpenters, of course, had a hearty laugh at his expense; but, by a singular turn of fortune, this blunder also was the means of increasing his wealth. It soon after became fashionable for ladies to wear stays completely lined with whole-bones; and none was to be found in the country, it brought an immense price. Thus his coffers were a second time filled by his odd speculations.

From the Argus (Glas.) Chronicle. Old John's Scotch Tutor says, "He thinks, that when an idle fellow is running to the office for credit, that he is setting a trap for himself, and putting his fingers in, too—and that it will most surely spring one of these days, and take him unawares."

"He thinks, when he sees an obstinate churl running needlessly into law-suits, and expending dollar after dollar to cheat a neighbour, instead of settling the matter peaceably at home; that he is preparing a trap for himself, that will spring before he thinks of it."

"He thinks, when he sees a young man about to get married, who has no means of supporting a wife and family—calculating to live on love all the rest of his life; that he too is setting a trap that will spring sharper on him than he imagines, if he don't keep a bright look out."

"He thinks, when he hears a man talking of moving to the new counties, or to the gold mines, who is tolerably well fixed here, that he had better keep his fingers out of such a trap."

"He thinks, when he sees poor souls idling away their time, in hope of getting an office or drawing a prize in a lottery, or of being left a legacy, or of times growing better, or of making money by speculation, or in hopes of any such thing—that it is all folly, and that they'll fine themselves caught in a trap ere they expect it."

"He thinks, that people ought not to rely altogether upon professions of friendship—they are abundant and cost but little; prefer acts of friendship—they are more rare, and more valuable."

"He thinks, that some people would be better off, if they would doubt the sincerity of every man, when they know he has a motive for deceiving them."

"He thinks, 'as no man liveth to himself,' therefore, never trouble yourself about buying small articles for your family; it is much better to borrow them. This will make a neighbourhood amiable."

"He thinks, when you find your neighbours obliging, you ought to get as many favours from them as possible; one good turn deserves another."

"He thinks, that nothing is so pleasant, to kind-hearted people, as to oblige their neighbours, by lending to them; therefore, when you borrow any thing, never return it. Consequently, the pleasure of the lender will be continued, no body can tell how long."

"He thinks, that if you neighbours speak ill of you, you have nothing to do but to speak ill of them; thus your accounts will be soon balanced, and you will experience the truth and good sense of the old maxim—short reckonings make long friends."

"He thinks, that you should never be selfish; therefore, mind every body's business rather more than your own; thus you'll expand your mind—open your heart—and qualify yourself to become a 'Ruler over many.'"

"He thinks, that it becomes every one to maintain their independence as firmly as possible; therefore, never pay your debts as long as you can avoid it."

"He thinks, that if you have a very bad breath, you ought to whisper to all of your acquaintance. You will interest them particularly by this method."

"He thinks, that young gentlemen, in doing

This image shows a vertical strip of a document page. On the left side, there is a dark, thick vertical band representing the book's binding. To the right of the binding is the page itself, which is light-colored and shows signs of aging and wear. Faint, illegible text is visible across the page. A small, dark, irregular mark, possibly a stain or a piece of tape, is located near the top of the page, just to the right of the binding.

